· The Passionate Louer.

To the Tune of I Lou'd thee once Ile loue no more.



A I fate in a pleasant shade, buder the arch of a thick Grove, Where Pature had an Arbour made, I dio begin to thinke of Lone; We thought it was a preund toy, Because Lones God was but a Boy, and deepely bowd that in my breast such braineles phrensies should not rest.

As I thus thought, there passed by one fremd a Goddesse, yet a Creature, Who did transpire me with her eye, and wound me with her heavenly feature: Why heart the did so deepely wound, That I sell senceles to the ground, and was of sences quite bereaud, till with her hand I by was heaud.

But her softhand, dininer touch was cause of greater miserie,

The bertue of her hand was such, that it piers do per then her epe,
Her singers are those become barts

By which the pierceth tender hearts:
her eyes be thatts, and if the ayme
the both the marke of kill, of mayme.

I gaid to long byon ber eyes, that I was taken in a mare, And made her captine, and her prize, bound in the treffes offer hayre: As I boon her beautie gaze, Operring thoughtes are in a maze, whereas they mander round about, witcom, thind a pakage out. I thought the was the soveraine cure to falue this heart sick maladie, Because the via the wound procure, I thought the would be remedie: But the bukind denied releife, Like a bad Surgeon laucht my greife, and left it not as twas before, but cared leste, and wounded more,

The more I loke, the worle my heart the more I grieve, the less the cares, The more the smiles, the worle my smart, and the doth laugh when I thed teares: This is not Ballame for my fore, I thelpes it lesse, and paines it more, and the may know if the be wife I can't be curde by contravies.

Beautic is like a blating light, that timple foles doe flock buto, Like filly Flyes to that by night. till they themselves doe quite budoe, For while they dally with the North, They presently themselves doe storch, then some they fall, as some they dye, oh that I were not such a Fly.

I thought in Loue were only iog, continuall truce, and never war, But now I fe nought but annoy, feares and dispaires the offpringer: Some Gen perchance doe Hunny finds, If that they met with one that's kind, but I have found that in this Be there is no sweet, but king for me-

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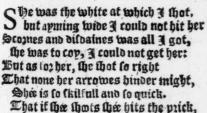
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The Second Part.

To the same Tune.





Unhappy I that face to view whose enery loke shotes death at me, Whose enery loke shotes death at me, and adde degrees to miserie:

Then let those eyes in darknesse languish, that were my Conduit's to this anguish, And let the Curraines of fad night,

Debarthem of the joy of light.

D thrife anhappy I fo goe, but o the grove where the was fine, It was the cause of all my wos:
I wish that there I had not beine,
Then let my legges ware dry & wither, that were my porters brought me hither And let them fall and broken lye,
like pillars by times injurie

Withen that I heard the fatall voice, fhat the pronounc't against my blisses by heart for very anguish stird, and ready was pale death to kisse, I her least word can voe such wronge: why was the voine with such a tongue, And Liv heavens will puthis suite, that I were dease or the were mute,



Mhy thould dame nature make such faces, and so adopne these heavenly creatures: When they doe want those milder graces, That doe adde grace but their features Like to the Syrens they allure: that no man can their Charmes indure, And in the lokes where grace thould by: tharpe frownes six in and puts grace by

I thought in that loft Sattin fkin, which being toucht doth freme to melf, And in that breft which tempts to finne: and rauth men when it is fealt, There had not beine to hard a hart; fince foftnes was in succey part, oh why should Pature make a Jewell, to be so Louely and so Truell:

The burning fever of fond lone, hath now corrupted every part:

Py legges to weake can hardly mode; and love hath festered to my heart,

y sinewes shrirke my hart strings ake,

y pulses leape my toputs doe shake:
And every limbe and every sence,
is plagued for my eyes offence.

Then let my foule post hence away,
And with swift flight from me be gone,
Wilhy should it with me longer say:
in such a rotten mausion;
D Let it take the last farewell,

m fuch a house no longer dwell, in such a house no longer dwell, while I for grise would farther speake, my soule figes out my heart drings broke